Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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Notes of the Month.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE VALUE OF REASON.—*The British Quarterly* has said shrewd men do not substitute anything in the place of reason, so long as reason will serve. It is when the eye of the spectator must not be too prying, that the conjuror envelopes himself in smoke. Some men play the conjuror consciously, some unconsciously.

THE PROGRESS OF ERROR.—In a "low church" paper a writer says:—"Looking into a history of the Church I find the following as the dates of the establishment of these so-called 'primitive doctrines.' Invocation of Saints, A.D. 700; Image Worship, 787; Transubstantiation, 1215; Purgatory, 1438; Seven Sacraments, 1547; Sacrifice of the Mass, 1563. As to Auricular Confession, this commenced in the 13th century. At the same time we hear Protestantism spoken of as a new religion of only 300 years' growth. Yet how absurd is all this. Has not our religion been always in the Bible." He might more easily have shown that during the first 600 years of the Christian era the deity of Christ, the Trinity, &c., were introduced into the Church.

SOME FRUITS OF MODERN CIVILISATION.—The following charming words are from the other side of the Atlantic, and if men were wise might be true everywhere:—"Lovely hamlets nestle among our New England hills, and glisten on our western plains, wherein are no suffering poor, no neglected sick, no forlorn souls dwelling apart in solitude. A Christian communism pervades these little societies. The visitations of Providence, whether of gladness or of sorrow, are shared in sympathies or in felicitations by the whole organisation. The gaols are empty, the school-houses full. Evil exists, it is true, as it must exist till the millennial year, but it exists piningly; and, like Lucifer, when hearing the song of his Morning Star, it pales and fades from sight."

THE GOOD OLD TIME.—A good example of old times is met with in the fact that, in 1693, to get £33,000 safely from Hertford to London cost £60 for twenty men to guard it to London against robbers. This was done in four separate journeys.

INTERESTING ABOUT THE SUN.—Professor Gladstone recently lectured at the Royal Institution on "The Sun." He remarked that our knowledge of the sun had increased very much in extent and accuracy since the introduction of the spectroscope. Its nucleus is now believed to emit rays of every degree of refrangibility, and possibly consists of a liquid globe, but its low specific gravity—about half as much again as that of water—rather indicates a vast conglomeration of condensed vapours. The first atmosphere consists of vapours of metals, among which sodium, magnesium, iron, nickel, cobalt chromium, manganese, and many others have been recognised. They are doubtless constantly passing from the gaseous to the liquid condition, and form those white hot clouds which constitute the mottled surface we see. The clouds are sometimes heaped together in masses of unusual brightness, termed faculæ, and sometimes give way to colder spaces, where absorption is greater, called sun spots. Outside the photosphere is another luminous atmosphere, named by Lockyer the chromosphere. It is red in colour, and consists of hydrogen with the more volatile metals, sodium and magnesium, several others being sometimes seen rising in it. This red zone is usually 5000 or 7000 miles high. Its visible limit is doubtless determined by the cooling of the glowing gas, but an atmosphere probably extends to at least 200,000 miles beyond the chromosphere. Into this there frequently rise red flames of hydrogen of fantastic forms, some of which have been measured, to the height of 180,000 miles, and possess a motion of 147 miles a second. Far beyond the red flames there is seen during a total eclipse of the sun the faint light known as the corona. This is believed to be due partially to reflected light, but it shows a peculiar yellow line identical with one in the aurora borealis.

Closing Tippling Houses.—The "Society for the Prevention of Crime" in New York is engaged in the effort to put an end to the business of low tippling houses. It is estimated that six thousand of these might be legally closed in New York City alone, and that without touching the sale of ale or beer, or interfering improperly with the rights of the citizen.

New Way of Making "a Collection." Mr. Thomas Cave, M.P., speaking recently at a meeting of the Richmond and Kingston Sunday School Teachers' Union, said that some four or five years ago, when in the city of Washington, he entered a Primitive Methodist chapel, where a "black congregation" were wont to attend. Arriving at the building between six and seven o'clock in the evening, an old gentleman came up to him and said, "I reckon you're a stranger." "Yes," replied Mr. Cave, "I am, and I came as I thought to the service, but I find here neither the parson nor the congregation." "Oh," said the old gentleman, "the parson, myself, and every member of this 'ere church were once slaves, and as soon as the sun sets and the evening begins, you will find this building crowded." Later on, sure enough, there arrived the congregation and the parson, the latter wearing a long coat, which dangled about his heels. But the pastor, to whom it appeared a quarter's salary was owing, did not preach; he got a friend who, after a nice short sermon, went straight to business. "My dear brothers and sisters," said he, "If I am not misinformed, you owe my reverend brother more than a quarter's salary; and as you are Christian people, and told to owe nobody anything, you will have to pay it before you leave the chapel this night." Mr. Cave naturally became alarmed about the safety of his watch and appendages, which he determined to protect by buttoning over his coat. The plate went round, but as it contained only half the amount required, the preacher flew into a passion, and insisted on having another collection. In the second round another quarter was given, but the preacher, instead of being grateful, shouted to "Mary," "Joseph," and others, that if they did not come up and "settle" he would call them one by one and make them ashamed of themselves. As if by magic, the people at once left their pews, and walked up to the table and placed further sums on the plate. At last there was all the money but half a dollar, and the preacher put that down himself, and so the collection made up the parson's salary.

Do Not Insult.—A friend writes us:—It is well not to call the religion of others bad names. A Protestant boy here the other day said to a Catholic boy, "You worship bits of wood at your chapel." "Do we," said the Catholic boy, and knocked the other down with his fist. Too much of this rough and tumble work goes on in the world.

Scenes in India.—During the past six months the death rate through cholera and fever has been fearful. The ravage of cholera in Chittagong is unparalleled. We are glad that our Christian missionaries do not now consign the poor heathen to hell, although they appear to have little hope of their reaching heaven. One of them writes, "The place is like a battle-field; dead and dying all around us. Poor fellows! In their lives they have never heard of Jesus, and in their deaths they pass away with none to comfort them, or remind them of his love! There is no hope in the death of these people! No smile on their countenances, no earnest of heaven! You only need to see these men dying to know what it is to be as 'the heathen that know not God.' Their barque glides out swiftly, but surely, into the blackness and impenetrable gloom of an unknown eternity. It is really awful. They say nothing; there is no bravado and cursing as one has known at home; but yet the poor fellows glide down into darkness."

A Short Sermon for Little Folks.—A few weeks ago a large gathering of children assembled in Westminster Abbey, and were addressed by Dean Stanley, whose sermon occupied little more than five minutes. Selecting as his text, "If God so loved us we ought also to love one another" (1 John iv. 11), the Dean said that was a very short statement of the whole of the Christian religion. We can see God's love in the many good things He has given us, our homes and friends, and everything that makes life pleasant. He has loved us also in giving us the Bible to teach us about Himself, and to show us how much happier it is to be modest, pure, merciful, gentle, and truthful than to be quarrelsome, proud, and deceitful. He tells us that there is a better world, and that the misery, sorrow, and pain of this earth will not last for ever. He shows His love by giving His only Son to live and die for us, and to redeem and save us from our own evil selves. In this way we may be assured that God has loved and loves us still. And this being so, we are told we ought to love one another. It is the only return we can make to Him, and we ought to do all that we can to make others happier, and wiser, and better.

REVIVALISTS AND REVIVALEES.—An orthodox paper is not complacent with all the ways of revivalists, and says, "We learn that a company has been formed to carry on the business of furnishing to order and on short notice first-class *revivalists*; or, to quote from the printed circular, "This Society, *lately incorporated*, furnishes revivalists to hold Union Revival Meetings—*as the Lord opens fields and supplies means.*" Now let some enterprising individual go a step further and organise a stock company for furnishing converts—the revivalees as well as the revivalists.

IN THE STREET.—A gentleman visited an unhappy man in gaol, awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home-education; it was my street-education that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer. Oh! sir, it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

BRAIN-WORK AND HAND-WORK.—Brain-work costs more food than hand-work. According to careful estimates and analyses of the excretions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labour. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body, it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers therefore require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual labourers.

THE FRIENDS *v.* CREEDS.—They have just had their annual meeting and a very lively discourse about a creed. One of them writes, "The Friends are, on many grounds, very jealous of sanctioning anything like a fixed creed. For although there is a large amount of unity and fraternal fellowship amongst them, and a general hearty acceptance of a common form of worship, with silent meditation as a basis, yet there exists a considerable diversity of opinion as to particular theological dogmas. This liberty is greatly prized by its possessors, and although of late years attempts have been at times made to restrict it by innovating definitions, the society, as a body, has hitherto managed to assert and preserve the individual religious liberty of its members. Mr. Bright has repeatedly, both in his own county and in London, shown himself the vindicator of this individual religious liberty in his own society."

WAYS OF DOING GOOD.—Our Unitarian brethren of Boston, U.S., have a splendid society called the "Christian Union," and they do much good through the agency. Little by little people find out new ways of doing good, and furnish fresh illustrations of the purpose and spirit of the Gospel. A good woman—she must be more than lady—sent a hundred dollars to the Young Men's Christian Union for the purpose of giving rides into the surburbs to invalids of limited means, and not less than seventy-five enjoyed the benefit of this thoughtful and ingenious charity.

UNFINISHED WORKS.—Nothing teaches more impressively man's frailty than his unfinished undertakings. Lying in the quarry near the Syrian city of Baalbec is the largest worked stone in the world, a gigantic block nearly seventy feet in length, almost detached and ready for transportation to its niche in the titanic platform of the Temple of the Sun. It seems as though the workmen had just momentarily left their labours, and we fancy that we must soon see them returning. But forty centuries or more ago some providential emergency called them from their work; and there lies the huge block, and yonder is the cyclopean wall with its vacant niche, one of the most striking and impressive of the unfinished labours of the world. And so the colossal Kutub Minar, though a finished column in itself, is but a fragmentary memorial of a gigantic unfinished plan; and as such it will doubtless stand to teach many generations yet to come that, though man may propose, heaven will dispose.

WHAT WILL NOT FAIL.—Charity never faileth. We are inclined to think that this is one of the texts Paul would preach from in these times. He would certainly have an audience from the mercantile classes. To find what will not fail is the one thing nine out of ten men are looking for. The prophet who points it out to them will draw a full house. But who ever thought of going into charity as a business? Paul would draw a blank look to every tradesman's face if he told them to follow that line for a living. He might be able to show, however, that it would be worth the while. Failures come from lack of confidence between man and man, and this confidence is wanting because it rests more on the condition of bank accounts than on men's individual disposition toward each other. Given unbounded trust between the business man and his neighbour, growing out of the cultivation of a previous kindly spirit between them, and failures, if they came at all, would come less harshly. Charity for your fellow men will be found, in the long run, a good investment.

A QUARRELSOME NEIGHBOUR.

"THAT man will be the death of me yet," said Paul Levering. He looked worried out, not angry.

"Thee means Dick Hardy?"

"Yes."

"What has he been doing to thee now?" asked the questioner, a Friend, named Isaac Martin, a neighbour.

"He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have a complaint of him Yesterday one of the boys came and told me he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her on the head."

"That's very bad, friend Levering. Dost thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his ground?"

"No, she was only looking over the fence. He has a spite against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear-tree that stands in the corner of my lot adjoining his property?"

"Yes."

"Two large limbs full of fruit hung over on his side. You would hardly believe it, but it is true; I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off those two fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground, and his pigs were eating the fruit."

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee, friend Levering! He doesn't annoy me. What has thee done to him?'

"Nothing of any consequence."

"Thee must have done something. Try and remember."

"I know what first put him out—I kicked an ugly old dog of his once. The beast, half-starved at home, I suppose, was all the time prowling about here, and snatched up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick that sent him howling out of the gate. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the dog's master happened to be passing along the road. The way he swore at me was dreadful. I never saw a more vindictive face. The next morning a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup, met me shivering at the door, with his tail cut off. I don't know when I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! his piteous looks haunt me now. I had no proof against Dick, but have never doubted as to his agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation I shot the dog, and so put him out of sight."

"Thee was hasty in that, friend Levering," said the Quaker.

"Perhaps I was, though I have never regretted the act. I met Dick a few days afterwards. The grin of satisfaction on his face I accepted as an acknowledgment of his mean and cruel revenge. Within a week from that time one of my cows had a horn knocked off."

"What did thee do?"

"I went to Dick Hardy, and gave him a piece of my mind."

"That is, thee scolded, and called him hard names, and threatened."

"Yes, just so, friend Martin."

"Did any good come of it?"

"About as much good as though I had whistled to the wind."

"How has it been since?"

"No change for the better; it grows, if anything, worse and worse. Dick never gets weary of annoying me."

"Hast thee ever tried the law with him, friend Levering? The law should protect thee."

"O yes, I've tried the law. Once he ran his heavy wagon against my carriage purposely, and upset me in the road. I had a narrow escape with my life. The carriage was so badly broken that it cost me fifty dollars for repairs. A neighbour saw the whole thing, and said it was plainly intended by Dick. So I sent him the carriage maker's bill, at which he got into a towering passion. Then I threatened him with a prosecution, and he laughed in my face malignantly. I felt the time had come to act decisively, and I sued him, relying on the evidence of my neighbour. He was afraid of Dick, and so worked his testimony that the jury saw only an accident instead of a purpose to injure. After that Dick Hardy grew worse than ever. He took an evil delight in annoying and injuring me. I am satisfied that in more than one instance he left gaps in his fences in order to entice my cattle into his fields, that

he might set his dogs on them, and hurt them with stones. It is more than a child of mine dares to cross his premises. Only last week he tried to put his dog on my little Florence, who had strayed into one of his fields after buttercups. The dog was less cruel than his master, or she would have been torn by his teeth, instead of being only frightened by his bark."

"It's a hard case, truly, friend Levering. Our neighbour Hardy seems possessed of an evil spirit."

"The spirit of the devil," was answered with feeling.

"He's thy enemy, assuredly; and if thee does not get rid of him he will do thee great harm. Thee must if thee would dwell in safety, friend Levering."

[The Quaker's face was growing very serious. He spoke in a lowered voice, and bent towards his neighbour in a confidential manner.]

"Thee must put him out of the way."

"Friend Martin!" The surprise of Paul was unfeigned.

"Thee must kill him."

The countenance of Levering grew black with astonishment.

"Kill him!" he ejaculated.

"If thee doesn't kill him he'll certainly kill thee one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self-preservation being the first law of nature."

"And get hung!"

"I don't think they'll hang thee," coolly returned the Quaker. "Thee can go over to his place and get him all alone by thyself. Or thee can meet him in some bye-road. Nobody need see thee, and when he's dead I think people will be more glad than sorry."

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer? I, Paul Levering, stain my hands with blood!"

"Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood?" said the Quaker, mildly.

"Why, you!"

"Thee's mistaken. I never used the word blood."

"But you meant it. You suggested murder."

"No, friend Levering, I advised thee to kill thy enemy, lest some day he should kill thee."

"Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?" demanded Levering.

"There are more ways than one to kill an enemy," said the Quaker. "I've killed a good many in my time, and no stain of blood can be found on my garments. *My way of killing enemies is to make them friends.* Kill neighbour Hardy with kindness, and thee'll have no more trouble with him."

A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed. "A new way to kill people."

"A sure way to kill enemies, as thee'll find, if thee'll only try."

"Let me see, how shall we go about it?" said Paul Levering, taken at once with the idea.

"If thee has the will, friend Levering, it will not be long before thee finds the way."

And so it proved. Not two hours afterwards, as Mr. Levering was driving into the village, he found Dick Hardy with a stalled cartload of stone. He was whipping his horse and swearing at him passionately, but to no purpose. The cart-wheels were buried half-way to the axles in stiff mud, and defied the strength of one horse to move them. On seeing Mr. Levering, Dick stopped pulling and swearing, and, getting on the cart, commenced pitching the stones off on to the side of the road.

"Hold on a bit, friend Hardy," said Levering, in a pleasant voice, as he dismounted and unhitched his horse. But Dick pretended not to hear, and kept on pitching off the stones. "Hold on, I say, and don't give yourself all that trouble," added Mr. Levering, speaking in a louder voice, but in kind and cheerful tones. "Two horses are better than one. With Charlie's help we'll soon have the wheels on solid ground again."

Understanding now what was meant, Dick's hands fell almost nerveless by his side. "There," said Levering, as he put his horse in front of Dick's, and made the traces fast, "one pull, and the thing is done." Before Dick could get down from the cart it was out of the mud-hole, and, without saying a word more, Levering unfastened his horse from the front of Dick's animal, and, hitching up, again rode on.

On the next day Mr. Levering saw Dick Hardy in the act of strengthening a bit of weak fence, through which Levering's cattle had broken once or twice, thus removing temptation, and saving the cattle from being beaten and set on by dogs.

"Thee's given him a bad wound, friend Levering," said the Quaker, on getting information of the two incidents just mentioned, "and it will be thy own fault if thee does not kill him."

Not long afterwards, in the face of an approaching storm, and while Dick Hardy was hurrying to get in some clover hay, his wagon broke down. Mr. Levering, who saw from one of his fields the incident, and understood what its loss might occasion, hitched up his own wagon, and sent it over to Dick's assistance. With a storm coming on that might last for days, and ruin from two to three tons of hay, Dick could not decline the offer, though it went against the grain to accept a favour from the man he had hated for years, and injured in so many ways.

On the following morning Mr. Levering had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast. "I've come," said Dick, stammering and confused, and looking down on the ground instead of into Mr. Levering's face, "to pay you for the use of your team yesterday, in getting in my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your wagon, and it is only right I should pay you for the use of it."

"I should be very sorry," answered Paul Levering, cheeringly, "if I couldn't do a neighbourly turn without pay. You are quite welcome, friend Hardy, to the wagon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that nice field of clover. How much did you get?"

"About three tons. But, Mr. Levering, I must——"

"Not a word, if you don't want to offend me," interrupted Levering. "I trust there isn't a man around here that wouldn't do as much for a neighbour in time of need. Still, if you feel embarrassed—if you don't wish to stand my debtor, pay me in good will."

Dick Hardy raised his eyes slowly, and looking in a strange, wondering way at Mr. Levering, said, "Shall we not be friends?" Mr. Levering reached out his hand. Hardy grasped it with a quick, short grip, and then, as if to hide his feelings that were becoming too strong, dropped it, and went off hastily.

"Thee's killed him!" said the Quaker, on his next meeting with Levering; "thy enemy is dead!"

"Slain by kindness," answered Paul Levering, "which you supplied."

"No, thee took it from God's armoury, where all men may equip themselves without charge, and become invincible," replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy peace and safety, thee will never use any other weapons in fighting with thy neighbours. They are sure to kill." T. S. ARTHUR.

OH, WHO IS THIS BAIRNIE?

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee?
Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be?
This bonnie wee mousie
This wee cheetie pussie,
Oh, it's my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee?
Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be?
Wi' cheeks like the cherry,
An' lips like the berry,
Oh, it's my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee?
Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be?
Wi' bonnie bosey,
Sae warm and sae cosey,
Oh, it's my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee?
Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be?
Wi' bonnie brow bentie,
An' wi' mouthy dainty,
Oh, it's my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee?
Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be?
This bonnie wee lambie,
Sae fond of its mammie,
Oh, it's just my ain bairnie that's fond, fond o' me.

A CHANCE WORD.

"I REALLY think I never saw such an awkward, repulsive-looking girl as Mary Ward! Do look at her, Louie!"

"Yes, but take care, she might hear," replied Louie, in a low voice; "besides, it's almost a shame to say so, for she is said to be really good."

"I know that," quickly rejoined the other young girl; "it was only a chance word, you know. I daresay she may be nice, though she looks so queer."

But Mary Ward had overheard the remark. Poor girl! in some respects it was true enough. Brought up by an aunt who was a confirmed invalid, her life had been spent in a sick room, and there only she felt at home and at ease; could she have been seen then she would have been considered charming—her queer dress and nervous manners unheeded in sight of her unfailing patience, gentle sympathy, tenderness, and self-devotion.

But she was so completely unused to social intercourse that her awkward, shrinking shyness, serious face, and old-fashioned ways separated her from others; and even when she most desired to please, her formal, stiff ways repelled all friendly advances. She knew this only too well, and mourned bitterly over it in secret. The chance word sent her home in shrinking pain to meditate upon it, weep over it, retire more and more into herself, till at last it helped to build up the confirmed solitariness and friendlessness into which she fell when her aunt's death left her alone.

"GEORGE," said a young lady to her brother, "I wish you hadn't said that to Amy Barton about Frank. I'm afraid she took it seriously, and you know he means nothing."

"I should think not indeed! An insignificant little thing like her! But she couldn't be so ridiculous as to heed a chance word."

But Amy Barton was of a sensitive, imaginative nature, and the random speech had sunk deeply into her heart. Could it be true? Was it possible that a happiness such as she had deemed out of the reach of one so plain and unattractive as herself was actually coming after all? She could hardly believe it; such an idea would never have occurred to her; but if someone else had observed——

The thought, once aroused, was constantly present in her mind, giving a fancied meaning to all subsequent events, words, and acts. So rose up a happy fairy dream, in the light of which she lived for a little; but alas! it was shattered at last, roughly and rudely, and had to be given up with much pain and many tears.

"WHAT, Bertie," said one youth of seventeen to another, "not coming to the races!"

"Well, the fact is," replied Bertie Rowan, "my father doesn't like it."

"What then?" rejoined his companion. "I wouldn't stand being kept in like that."

Nothing more was said, but the chance word had taken effect. Why should he heed what his father said, with his old-fashioned notions? Would it not be manly to do as he himself chose, as other fellows did, and not care. Acting upon this, he went to the races next day, and brought upon himself his father's grief and displeasure. But, unfortunately, this was not all. Having once begun to disregard his father's wishes and opinions—in fact, to take a pride in doing so—and being of a weak disposition, and easily led, he fell into dissipated ways and habits, which formerly he himself would have regarded with contempt and disgust. Much trouble and sorrow came upon his family in consequence of a chance word.

IF so mighty is the effect of our heedless sayings, ought we not to be somewhat more careful how we let them fall? Truly our thoughtless words have an influence which would terrify us, if we knew—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

Could we but know beforehand the consequences of our careless speeches we should stop tremblingly ere we gave them utterance. M. R.

LOVE AT HOME.

BY LELIAN GORDON.

"There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home."

It was a sweet, childish face pressed close against the window pane, gazing with so much intentness adown the street, little blue-eyed Fred, "watching for papa," who sang in so pathetic a tone, this refrain,

"Dere is booty all awound,
When dere's love at 'ome."

echoed the baby tottler. "Me look too," was the little prattler's direction to the older brother, as she climbed into the chair. "I sees papa! I sees papa!"

"Yes, mamma, quick! Papa's coming!" cried Fred, as he looked in the direction little Lottie pointed.

We pushed aside the dainty lace curtain, wheeled the reclining-chair a little nearer the window, thereby gaining a better view of the people who occupied the upper "flat" opposite.

It was a summer evening, and the window being thrown open, that each passing breeze be appropriated to the best advantage, was a means of communicating whatever the conversation might be.

How the face of the girlish mother brightened at the sound of the words, as she brushed the glossy hair, smoothed and re-adjusted the spotless apron, ere the husband had entered her presence.

He was a fine looking young man, this husband and father, who walked with so measured a tread, toiling day by day for the loved ones dependent upon his efforts, and so anxious were we to witness the completion of this little picture, that the time spent in making the ascent from the street to his home seemed almost intolerable. But we were repaid by the "Kiss me, papa," as the little rosy mouth puckered itself for the coveted expression of affection. "Me first," was heard from baby Lottie, as she was lifted in the strong, stalwart arms, and as he gave each the asked-for love-token, he drew the wife and mother nearer yet, stroking the neatly arranged hair caressingly, imprinting a kiss on the up-turned face.

Then preparations were made for the usual tea, the dining-room answering for both sitting-room and kitchen, yet everything bespeaking perfect neatness and fine discrimination of arranging each article in its own place. Again we listened to the same sweet refrain, now in a heavy bass voice:—

"There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home,"

accompanied by Freddie's falsetto, while baby Lottie prolonged the strain by:—

"Dere is booty all awound,
When dere's love at 'ome."

But the curtains were drawn and our picture shut from view. "Home's not merely four square walls, though with pictures hung and gilded," we repeated, as we wheeled the chair into its old position. And I fancied little Lottie's voice made answer:—

"Home is where there's one to love.
Home is where there's one to love us."

Then we began to amuse ourself by watching the many passers and repassers. Ladies in the gayest habiliments, their costly robes sweeping the pavements; men of business, men of leisure, and we asked, does each one have "Love at home" awaiting them? I fear not. The representation of home just presented is very rare, I am sorry to say, very.

But would it not be wiser, dear reader, to lay aside formalism and display of show, and live more in the real, true life, a semblance of which we have just witnessed? Don't you think the tired, weary business man would be better rested after his long day of usual perplexities, by the caress of baby fingers and the sweet love tones of a true, noble wife, than by the empty stereotyped phrases to which a great number are accustomed to listen? Don't you think the tired, neglected wife, studying every means imaginable whereby she may contribute to her husband's happiness, would be better repaid for so doing by a simple caress, or any expression of love in some similar way, than by a "Don't don't! I'm in a hurry, I can't stop to-night?"

Yes, Mrs. Williams, you with your true, loving husband and your darling children, are a very wealthy woman.

I know your home is only three

rooms in a tenement house; your best dress, an alpaca, but the love of a true, sincere heart is more to be prized than the wealth of Indies; the prattle of childish voices, the purity that slumbers in their lives, implanted there by the true harmony dwelling within the souls of you whom God hath joined together, is a mine of wealth.

You, busy flutterer, with your railroad stock, gold-lands, and boasted wealth, don't you think the prattle of infant voices would make sweet music to your ear, and childish caresses quiet the throbbing, aching brow, drawing you outside from the mimic world wherein you now dwell? What have you to give in exchange for such happiness? Truth and sincerity; the question, maybe, could be better answered by the Searcher of all hearts. But I would that the man of leisure, and the man of boasted wealth and laudable virtue, had in their possession, guaranteed to them, the transfer of which might be conceded to their posterity, this expression of *true* wealth—Love at home.

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God! day's chafing cares
Have crowded onward unawares;
The soul is left to breathe her prayers.

Alone with God! no human eye
Is here, with eager look to pry
Into the meaning of each sigh.

Alone with God! He only knows
If sorrow's ocean overflows
The silent spring from whence it rose.

Alone with God! He mercy lends,—
Life's fainting hope, life's meagre ends,
Life's dwarfing pain, He comprehends.

Alone with God! He feeleth well
The soul's pent life, that will o'erswell—
The life-long want no words may tell.

Alone with God! still nearer bend,
O tender Father! condescend
In this my need to be my friend.

Alone with God! with suppliant mien,
Upon Thy pitying breast I lean,
Nor less because Thou art unseen.

Alone with God! safe in Thine arms,
Oh, shield me from life's wild alarms,
Oh, save me from life's fearful harms.

Alone with God! my Father, bless
With Thy celestial promises,
The soul that needs Thy tenderness.

Alone with God! oh, sweet to me
This covert, to whose shade I flee,
To breathe repose in Thee—in Thee!

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

As I look back to my school days I can remember so many failures through not understanding how to avoid them, that I feel compelled, for the love I bear to young fellows of your age who mean to be and to do something by-and-by, to have another plain talk all around with you. I take it for granted that I am writing for those sensible lads who mean to have their minds keep the best company possible, and never suffer them to go sneaking about for inferiority in anything. To be young is a great advantage, and now is the golden time to store away treasures for the future. I never knew a youth yet who would be willing to say, "I don't mean to get understanding: I don't wish to know much of anything; I have no desire to compass to-day more and better things than I knew yesterday; I prefer, when I grow up, to be an ignorant man, a mere passive wheel in the great machine of the universe." The richest rascal that ever lived never started with the idea in boyhood that he would repudiate morals, make money, and avoid ideas.

NOW IS THE TIME.

One of the most common of all laments is this one, and I have heard it hundreds of times from grey-headed men in every walk of life, "O that my lost youth could come back to me, and I could again have the chance for improvement I once had!" What "lucky fellows" you are, to be sure, with the privilege of being about twelve or fifteen years old. Still keeping within your own control those priceless opportunities when the portals of knowledge are standing wide open and inviting you in, and not one adverse spirit daring to hold you back! Don't I wish I were a boy again! "Orient yourselves."

What we sow in youth we reap in age. The seed of the thistle always produces the thistle. The possibilities that wait upon you who are yet in the spring-time of existence, who are yet holding in your own two hands the precious gift of time, can not be estimated! Do not forget that a useless life is an early death.

KNOW YOURSELF.

If I were a boy again, one of the first things I would strive to do would be this: I would, as soon as possible, try hard to become acquainted with and then deal honestly with myself, to study up my own deficiencies and capabilities, and I would begin early enough, before faults had time to become habits; I would seek out earnestly all the weak spots in my character and then go to work speedily and mend them with better material; if I found that I was capable of some one thing in a special degree, I would ask counsel on that point of some judicious friend, and if advised to pursue it, I would devote myself to that particular matter, to the exclusion of much that is foolishly followed in boyhood.

PERSEVERANCE.

If I were a boy again I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. When I think of mathematics I blush at the recollection of how often I "caved in" years ago. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are all inclined to give up too easily in trying our unpleasant situations; and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice were again within my reach, would be never to relinquish my hold on a possible success if mortal strength or brains, in my case, were adequate to the occasion. That was a capital lesson which Professor Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture-room after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall, and by accident some small article dropped on the floor from the professor's hand. The professor lingered behind, endeavouring to pick it up. "Never mind," said the student, "it is of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or no." "That is true," replied the professor; "but it is of grave consequence to me as a principle, that I am not foiled in my determination to find it." Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There are only two creatures," says the Eastern proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail."—*Jas. T. Fields.*

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

FOR LITTLE FOLK.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other;
"I don't think that you know."
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite.
Close the trap together
Snapped, as quick as wink,
Catching "mousey" fast there,
'Cause he didn't think!

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay.
She said, "I'm not a baby;
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went; but Mr. Fox,
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon, like snow, her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she was a supper,
Ere the sun did sink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think!

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no," said the mother,
"You must stay here with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him
'Fore he'd time to blink;
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't stop to think!"

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?

Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows.
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go over headlong
'Cause you didn't think!

EXCELSIOR!

There is a love of excellence, and a love of excelling: each of these is a powerful motive of action, to those whose delight is in doing, and who have the desire, in many cases irrepressible, to rise in the scale of existence, to climb to heights which the sluggish and the indifferent represent to themselves as inaccessible. The love of excellence is by far, purer and nobler than that of merely excelling others. Still, the love of excelling is, under due regulation, not to be deprecated; for, by it numbers have been led on to heroic deeds, who perchance would, without its stimulus, have been but cumberers of the ground. Competition has its value in the social system. Thus, as it has been well observed, the peasant will strive to run or to wrestle better than the rest of the villagers; the farmer to show better cattle than others of his class; and the monarch will have pride in his fleets, his armies, and in his establishments, over his compeers. Yet has this desire of superiority been productive of infinite mischief, both to society and the individual, and the fruitful source of much human misery. The Alexanders and the Cæsars, the Charlemagnes and the Napoleons of history, sighing for universal dominion, sweeping kingdoms with the besom of destruction, ravaging countries, burning towns, destroying the fairest productions of the earth, making widows and orphans innumerable. All these have been animated by the hope of excelling their contemporaries; and though "Excelsior" may have been their watchword, it was simply to win a higher renown than others: the aim was of the earth, earthy.

"If it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive."

are words put by our great dramatist into the mouth of our showy English hero, Henry the Fifth, whose blood-stained laurels have long faded from his brow.

But Longfellow's exquisite and truly original poem, "Excelsior," was written to foster the desire of excellence for itself; considered and read in this, its true light, the lessons it conveys are of high importance to all. The young traveller, holding aloft his banner, ascends from peak to peak, higher and yet higher, till his voice is lost in the clear blue sky, and he cannot be further traced, save by the faint echoes of its tones; but the cry is still "Excelsior! higher must I yet mount, I have not reached the summit,—till all be done, nothing is done." The homes, the works, the men and women are left far behind. On and yet on, through wind, and ice, and snow. Though his brow was sad, that was but the sign of a determined spirit, caring for none of the luxuries, even the necessaries of life—willing to sacrifice life rather than not to reach the goal. The love of excellence was strong in his soul: it prompted him to deeds of sublimity. There were throbbings of the pulse, and there were natural longings after the things of time and sense. And then he heard words of caution from colder friends, of warnings from passers-by, and the prayers of those for his safety who had nothing else to offer; but he was not to be turned from his purpose. Still he went on, listening to the cry, "Come up hither:" and hither he strove to mount, and thus he went on, till nature could do no more, till he was found lifeless, yet beautiful, half buried in the snow, whilst a voice, as if from the stars, still uttered the magic word, "*Excelsior!*"

And we shall read these beautiful stanzas after a strange fashion, if we suppose the gifted author meant to depict a mere romantic deed, without aim or utility. His object was, evidently, to show the duty of maintaining high resolves, of acting up to them, and of persevering to the end. That end was—in the present life—only solitude, desolation, succumbing to natural difficulties, which no human power could overcome. But it was for a nobler purpose that the young enthusiast toiled and struggled, though he apparently failed; he was desirous to point and to lead the way; and whilst his way was lonely and perilous, yet he

showed that a way was there, and that the mind was unconquerable, amidst all that would oppose and seek to turn back. It was the pressing forward to the mark for the prize—the prize being immortality. We have read of Him who trod the wine-press alone, and we know, that whilst, at the time, there was none with him, yet he achieved the conquest, and that his name is thus exalted above every name. In the truest, and the holiest, and the highest sense, his motto was "Excelsior." On Calvary he finished the work given him by the Father to do on earth; from the garden sepulchre he arose to newness of life, to that immortality, which he has assured to each of his disciples.

Now, we want something quickening and stimulating—something to arouse from the torpidity into which the world, with the pursuits of the world, throws us, but too frequently. The bridegroom, as we think, tarries, and we slumber, forgetful of the claims of the soul. We need examples of unselfish devotion to the calls of duty, and of strivings after excellence, which though we may not be always able to closely imitate, still serve to point out the road to perfection, and to encourage us to walk therein. Let it be remembered that *perfection* is the word, and with nothing short of this should we ever be satisfied. Finely has Addison represented this advance of the soul through the countless ages of eternity, as continually making progress, reaching forward to perfection, yet, perchance, unable to grasp it fully, through the endless life. So, we know that there have been numbers, in all times, who have thus walked in the steps already trod by the master—who, animated by a burning love of him and their fellow-men, have overcome the flesh, the world, and the devil: have kept their garments unsullied—have gone on from strength to strength, gathering fresh energy as their day was lengthened out, and still carrying aloft the banner; but to them, not with a strange device, rather the motive power to diligence, perseverance, endurance to the end, that all might be well, when the righteous Judge shall come to be admired of all his saints.

INFLUENCE OF A CHILD.

Of all poor men, the most to be pitied is the poor, rich man. The man in absolute poverty can be helped; but for the man who is poor with his coffers full of gold there is no earthly help — none, unless something can get way down into his heart, and open the way for the incoming sunlight and warmth. Such a transformation I once knew, and I will tell you how it was wrought. It was done by a little child.

Rufus Grote was really and truly a miser, though he had probably never acknowledged the fact to himself. At the age of sixty he lived in a close, small, shabby house in a narrow street down town, though up town where the streets were broad, and where green trees grew, he owned a whole block, the rental of which yielded what might have been a munificent income for any man. In early life Rufus Grote had been disappointed; so while yet a young man, he had shut himself up within his shell, and through all the years of his manhood he had neither asked or given love nor friendship. He took his usance even to the pound of flesh, if it was due to him by the bond, and he was ready to discharge all bonded obligations.

One evening, just at dusk, a coach stopped at Rufus Grote's door, and a lady, dressed in black, and accompanied by a child, alighted therefrom, and plied the rusty iron knocker. The miser answered the summons, and demanded to know the applicant's business.

"Uncle Rufus," said the woman, "I am Mary Sanford, and this is my child. Will you give me shelter until I can find work?"

Mary Sanford was the only daughter of Rufus Grote's dead sister. He had heard of her husband's death, and he had shudderingly asked himself more than once if it might not be possible that his widowed niece would call upon him for assistance. And now the dreaded blow had fallen. What was he to do? Had he followed the first impulse, he would have turned the woman and her child away with a word, but that would have been inhuman. He was caught in a trap. He had to open his door wider, and let them in. And when they were in, he was forced

in common decency, to go out and buy a loaf of bread and some cheese.

Mary Sanford was thirty-five, a slight, pale-faced, pretty woman; and what of beauty she possessed was due more to the reflex action upon her face and manner of her native goodness than to any outward grace of feature.

Her child—a girl of nine years—was called Flora. She was a plump, dimpled, sunny-haired and sunny-faced child, with the light of a tender, loving heart sparkling in every feature. She was really and truly a thing of beauty and a perfect joy.

After eating the bread and cheese, and drinking cold water with it, Mary Sanford told to Rufus the story of her husband's death—how he had suffered long, and how he had left her in utter destitution. "But," she concluded, as she saw a cloud upon her uncle's face, "I am not come to be a burden upon you. Mrs. Maynard will be in the city in a few days, and will give me work."

"Ugh! What kind of work?" grunted Rufus.

"I shall keep house for her."

Later in the evening, by the dim light of a single tallow candle, Flora crept to the old man's side, and climbed up into his lap. For the moment he had thought of putting her away, as he would have put away an insinuating cat, but he did not do it. So she kept on until she had got both hands upon his shoulders.

"You are my uncle Rufus," she said, with a quivering, eager smile.

"I suppose so," answered the man, forcing out the reluctant words.

"I haven't got a papa any more. Mayn't I kiss you before I go to bed?"

The little, warm arms were around his neck, and the kiss was upon his cheek. The child waited for a moment for a kiss in return, but she did not get it, and she slipped down and went with her mother to the little dark room where Rufus Grote had given up to their use his own hard, poor bed.

For himself the host had planned to spread a blanket upon the floor in the living room. He had slept so before, and he could sleep so again.

The soil of Rufus Grote's heart was like the soil of other hearts. A seed once forced through the crust would find root there—either good or evil. In all his manhood's life so warm a thing as that childish kiss had not touched his cheek. He did not think of it so much until he was alone in the dense darkness; and then, when he could see nothing else, he could see that sunny face, and the musical chirrup sounded again in his ears. At first he would have been glad to believe that the child's mother had instructed her in this, but when he looked over all the circumstances he knew it could not have been; and before he slept he was glad the child had come to him of her own sweet impulse.

Upon the hard floor, with only a single blanket for bedding, Rufus Grote did not sleep so soundly as was his wont. He dreamed, and in his dreams he saw a cherub, and felt cherubic arms about his neck, with kisses upon his cheek. And he said to himself in his dreams—

"Surely I cannot be such an ogre if these sweet things can love me!"

In the morning Rufus Grote was up very early. He had thought the night before that he had bread and cheese enough for breakfast, but after the night's rest—perhaps after the night's dream—he took new thoughts. Without exactly comprehending the feeling, the sense of utter loneliness and selfishness had given place to a warmer sense of companionship and fraternity. He put his hand to the cheek where the impress of the child's kiss had fallen, and a new resolution came to his mind. He went out to a neighbouring street corner, and purchased tea and sugar, and butter, and new, warm breakfast rolls, and a small can of milk.

He had just deposited these articles upon the table when Mrs. Sanford made her appearance.

"Good morning, uncle Rufus."

Had the host caught that sound when he first arose it would have startled him; but it fell very softly upon his ears now. He had been exercising, and learned the salute.

"Good morning, Mary," returned Rufus; and so odd was it that the very tones of his own voice surprised him.

"What can I do for you this morning, uncle? May I get your breakfast for you?"

"I will build a fire," said the man, "and then, if you please, you may make a cup of tea."

The fire was built, and then he showed where his dishes were.

Mary Sanford was an accomplished housekeeper, and she could accommodate herself to circumstances very narrow. While she was busy a ray of fresh sunshine burst into the room, lighting up the dingy wall, and making golden with its light the atmosphere of the place. It was little Flora, bright, joyous, and jubilant, thinking only of love in the first hour of her waking from refreshing sleep. Without a word —only a ripple of gladness dropping from her lips—she went to where the old man had just sat down in the corner, and crept up again into his lap.

"I can't reach your cheek, uncle," she laughed, "without getting up; you are so big and I am so little."

And then she kissed him as she had done the night before; but not as on the night before did Rufus Grote. With a movement almost spasmodic—so strange was it for him—he drew the child back to him, and imprinted a hearty kiss upon her round cheek.

And the words, "God bless you, little one!" fell from his lips before he knew it.

Verily the crust was broken. But had any good seed fallen upon the heart!

What an odd scene for the miser's home! A really good breakfast—a table tastefully laid—the fumes from the teapot fresh and fragrant—and the surroundings cheerful.

After breakfast Rufus Grote was forced to go away on business. And on that day he concluded arrangements for the leasing of a building which was to return him two thousand pounds a year; and he had meant when the business was done that he would be poorer than ever, and live on less than heretofore, so that he might lay up more. On this same day one of his houses was vacated up town—a dwelling on one of the broad streets where the green trees grew. He saw his agent, and ordered him to let the house as quickly as possible.

That evening, while Mrs. Sanford was out, Flora came to Rufus Grote's side, and looked earnestly up into his face.

"Uncle," she said, with quaint seriousness, "don't you want me to get up into your lap?"

"Why do you ask that?" demanded the old man.

"Mamma said I mustn't. She said you wouldn't like it."

"What made her think I shouldn't like it?"

"Because she said you wasn't happy, and she cried when she said that her little girl mustn't make her uncle Rufus dislike her."

"And what did you say to that?" asked Grote, with awakening interest.

"I told mamma that I would put my arms around your neck, and hug and kiss you, and see if I couldn't make you love me. And if you loved me, I knew you would let me sit in your lap."

When Mary Sanford came in half an hour later, she found her child in Uncle Rufus's lap, her sunny head pillowed upon his bosom, and his strong arms entwining her.

The good seed had fallen, and had taken root.

Three days afterwards Rufus Grote saw his agent, and told him that he need not hurry about letting the empty house up town.

On the evening of the same day Mary Sanford came in with a letter in her hand, and found Flora nestled away in her uncle's arms.

"Uncle Rufus," she said, "I have received a letter from Mrs. Maynard. She will be at home the day after to-morrow."

"And she wants you to take charge of her house?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Wait till she comes."

And the old man held the little child in his arms until it was time to go to bed.

On the following morning Uncle Rufus told Mary he wanted her to take a ride with him during the forenoon.

She said she would be at his service

And later a fine coach drew up before the door, and Uncle Rufus came in and bade Mary make ready, and to make Flora ready also.

They rode up town, and when they stopped Uncle Rufus handed them out before a house with great chestnut trees growing in the yard and upon the side-walk, and he led them into the house. And in the broad, handsome parlour he turned and spoke, holding Flora by the hand.

"Mary," he said, "this little child has promised to make her old uncle happy, and I will not give her up. This house is mine. If you will come and help me take care of it, I will live in it. What say you?"

What could she say? She saw the new light upon her uncle's face; and when he took the child in his arms, and held the sunny head close to his bosom, she saw the blessing of the coming time. She said, with a burst of tears—

"Dear uncle, if Flora and I can make you happy, you may command us both."

There was a wonder up town and there was a wonder down town, when Rufus Grote appeared a well-dressed, smiling, happy man.

And in the mansion beneath the shade of the great chestnut trees, there was peace and joy. An angel, in the shape of a little child, had touched a human heart long buried in cold darkness, and brought it forth to love and blessing.

PUNCTUALITY AT CHURCH.

It is not less surprising than annoying that there are some persons who never are at the opening hymn or prayer of our religious services. How is this that they are uniformly late? and that the remark must be repeated in so many families—"A curious thing that Mr. or Mrs. —— was late again to-day!"

We commend the following from a contemporary, every word of which might be read with profit as a third lesson for a few Sundays in some of our congregations:—"If the worshippers be not as punctual as the minister —if there be steps heard in the aisle from the earliest whisper of the organ to the announcement of the text, and the sound of opening doors keeps time with the footfall of every new addition to the audience—there is disturbance of the quiet, not only of the minister, but of every devout breast that is turned toward him. All are conscious of the interruption, and one of the number, who has most need to be calm and collected, must eminently suffer. Every new comer must affect, to some extent, his concentration of mind. In his efforts for the right discharge of his sacred duties every footstep cannot but disturb his attention. The effect will be different in proportion to temperament; one will be affected more than another; but to all it must be more or less a disturbance. It may be thought to be enough to be in time for the chief part of the service, and particularly for the sermon; but if, on the part of the pew, we make bold to claim for prayer and praise an importance not second to that of the discourse, the pulpit will not gainsay the assertion. It will concur in the argument that supplication and psalmody, chapter and chant, heighten the value and deepen the emphasis of the word of exhortation. They promote that receptive frame and attitude of mind which the preacher seeks to possess in the pew. The service which he conducts does not consist of unconnected parts; it is a compacted unity. From the first syllable to the last what passes is complete. Every word of morning and evening service has its meaning and intention, and we should deny ourselves no portion of either. We should study the harmony of the whole, and make it quite a common enjoyment. It is a lyric piece, whose music should flow unbroken to the end; and when the last word of the Benediction has fallen with its sweet influence on our ears, let us rest for a moment in hallowed silence, that the thoughts and feelings awakened and kindled within us may sink deep into our hearts, and remain with us through the whole. We should neither be slow to come, nor in haste to go."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE RAFFLE.—An excellent old deacon, who, having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, didn't like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the turkey, that the "Shakers gave it to him."

THE CHAFF AND THE WHEAT.—An organ being some time ago introduced in a parish church in the north of Scotland, some of the members took offence and left. One of these soon after met another member, and inquired "Hoo the organ was gettin' on?" "Oh, fine," was the answer; "jist blawin' awa the chaff an' keepin' the corn."

A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—This sad disease is said by Doctor Chenery to be cured by the following specific, which he has given in 150 cases successfully :—"A dose of hyposulphite, from five to fifteen grains or more, in syrup every two or three hours, according to the age and circumstances of the patient. Purging is the only evil which an overdose can produce, hence as much as the patient can bear without producing that result is a good rule in the severer cases. The solution or mixture can be used in doses of five drops to half a drachm in milk. For thorough stimulatiou the amount is greater than can be taken in water. Dr. Chenery usually gives the specific in such doses as can be readily taken in milk, using milk besides as food for small children. It is said, however, that hyposulphite prevents the digestion of milk, and therefore should not be given in less than one hour after administering the medicine."

SOLD INTO SLAVERY.—"Marsh is sold into slavery," said a man to me the other day. "Sold into slavery!" I cried; "is there anything like that now-a-days?" "Indeed there is," was the answer. "Who bought him, pray?" "Oh, it's a firm, and they own a good many slaves, and make shocking bad masters." "Can it be in these days? Who are they?" I asked. "Well, they have agents and runners everywhere, who tell a pretty good story, and so get hold of folks; but the names of the firm are Whiskey and Wine." I had heard of them. It is a firm of bad reputation, and yet how extensive are their dealings! What town has not felt their influence? Once in their clutches, it is about the hardest thing in the world to break away from them. You are sold and that is the end of it—sold to ruin, sooner or later. I have seen people try to escape from them. Some, it is true, do make good their escape; but the greater part are caught and go back to their chains.

CONSCIENCE DEFINED.—*Punch* gives this definition of the word "conscience": "My rule for another man's conduct."

DIFFICULT TO CARRY OUT.—Dr. Cuyler lately recommended everyone to lie in bed until a cup of coffee had been prepared. There is consequently a very serious discussion going on as to who shall prepare the coffee.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—An editor who lived in a neighbourhood more prolific with poets than he could endure, and had refused the muses, was converted, as he intimated, in the following way:—"Now that a neighbouring grocer sends his boy around every day to get paper to wrap up old cheese in, there is not so much objection as there was to our friends sending in original poetry."

AN ILLUSION DISPELLED.—A lawyer built himself an office in the form of a hexagon, or six-square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop, and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted by their curiosity, lifted up the window, put out his head, and addressed them. "What do you stand here for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?" Sure," said one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the divil poke his head out of the windy!"

FUNNY CLERGYMEN.—The clerical John Berridge said some strange things, and wrote still stranger in his correspondence with the Countess of Huntingdon. Rowland Hill was naturally a wit, and often uttered odd things. So did Matthew Wilks. But either wit or humour require careful watching and being kept under check of good sense, or the pulpit will become a grinning post, and not a rostrum of sound speech which cannot be condemned. But many persons like these things, as the old man who listened to Rowland Hill, in his latter days, said, "Bless his dear heart, he is as funny as ever."

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